The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Our Wee White Rose.

ALL in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Sucked the green warmth of the sod.
Oh, beautifully, unfathomably,
The little life unfurled:
Life's crown of sweetness was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a gracious bosom
Our bud of beauty grew;
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
And tears for daintier dew.
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled
So close, and close, about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance,
Our house of life she filled —
Revealed, each hour, some fairy tower,
Where winged hopes might build;
We saw, — though none like us might see —
Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
Of angel light increasd;
Like the mystery of moonlight
That holds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently,
Our darling bud up-curled,
And dropped in the grave — God's lap — our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfurled
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Gerald Massey.

For the Myrtle.

Sady's Cherries.

"I WONDER when those cherries will be ripe," said Sady Lee to her little sister Nellie.

"Why should you be interested? They are not your cherries."

"I know they are not mine, but I shall love to see them hanging rich and ripe on the tree, if I never have a taste of one of them."

"I don't want to see them ripe if I cannot taste them. That would only be an aggravation."

"Why, I don't see how you can say so. Mamma said we ought to like to think that somebody else was happy even if we were not."

"I am willing that anybody should be happy. But I don't see what that has got to do with the cherries."

"Why, somebody will eat them if we don't. I'm sure there is pleasure in that. And then I feel sure that Mr. Green will give us some of them when they are ripe. He don't look as if he'd want to eat them all himself."

"I don't see how you can tell by looking at him now what he will do three weeks from now."

"If he were mean now, three weeks wouldn't make him much better, would it? But I don't believe he is mean, for he don't look mean."

"I don't know as he is mean, but I wouldn't promise myself the cherries till they were given me."

Sady was not inclined to take this advice. She enjoyed looking at the cherries, and thinking how good they would taste when they were ripe.

From day to day she could see that they were growing, and when the red began to come on their cheeks she jumped up and down for joy.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, running into the house. "God is painting the cherries red now. He will soon have them ready to eat."

"Yes, my dear. I noticed this morning that the cherries were beginning to ripen, But you must be quite sure not to touch them without permission."

"I wont touch them, mamma, unless I am told to. But I guess Mr. Green will give me some, don't you?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Lee, "how I can guess anything about it. I have been acquainted with Mr. Green so short a time, that I do not know whether he is a generous man or not."

"Well, don't you *thiuk* that he will give me some?"

"I can't say that I think about it at all."

"Well, I wish you *would* think," said Sady, a little petulantly.

"You must remember," said Mrs. Lee, "that I have a great many things to think about, and many of them are very important. I cannot stop to think about such trifles as whether Mr. Green will give my little girl a handful of his cherries when they are ripe."

Mrs. Lee was passing out of the room when she said this, and Sady said to herself after her mother was gone:

"I don't see why the pleasure of little girls shouldn't be thought of as well as the affairs of grown folks."

A few days after this Sady ran into her mother's room in great glee, saying:

"Oh mother, the cherries are ripe, and Mr. Green says that I may have all that I can reach from our fence."

"I hope you have not been asking Mr. Green for cherries," said Mrs. Lee.

"Oh no, I didn't ask him. He came out into his garden while I was out in ours, and he saw me and said, 'Little girl, do you like cherries?' and I said, 'Yes sir.' Then he said, 'My cherries are ripe now and very good. If you wish them you may have all that you can reach from your fence.' Wasn't that good of him, mother, to say so?"

"Yes, he is very kind. I hope you didn't forget to thank him."

"Oh no, mother, I didn't forget that. I said 'Thank you, thank you,' a great many times. And then I got right up on the fence, and ate a few before I came in to tell you what he said."

"Didn't you think of any one else when you were eating?"

"Yes. I thought of you and of Nellie, and I jumped down and ran in to get a basket to pick some for you, before I had got half as many as I wanted to eat myself."

"Well, Sady, you must be very careful and not eat too many of them. Cherries are very apt to make one sick if they eat too many."

"I won't eat too many, mother."

"I am afraid you will not be the best judge about how many are too many."

"I shall know when I get enough, sha'n't I, mamma? I wont eat one after I have had enough."

"Ah, but that will be a very unsafe rule to go by. The cherries will taste good, and you will not think how many are slipping down your throat, until you have eaten more than is for your good."

Sady had a very little basket hanging on her finger, which she had just taken from the shelf, and she said:

"I am going to pick this full for you, mamma, then I shall pick it full for Nellie, and then I will eat a few myself."

"How many have you already eaten, Sady? As many as that basket full?"

"Oh no, mamma, I didn't eat more than two or three. But they tasted very good. I'm sure they wont hurt me."

"I'm afraid you are not a good judge of how many will hurt you. You must be sure not to eat more than this little basket full to-day. Another day you can have more, and so enjoy them as long as they last. If you ate enough to make you sick the first day, all your pleasure in them would be gone."

"I think I should get well so that I could eat again before the cherries would all be gone."

"But I should not let you have them again this summer, if you made yourself sick eating them once."

Sady didn't stop to argue the point any farther. She was anxious to get out to the cherry tree, and though she intended to obey her mother, and eat only the little basket full, she thought it would be fine fun to pick them, and it now and then one slipped down her throat while she was filling the basket for her mother, and again for Nellie, she didn't see much harm in that.

The little basket was soon filled, and she ran in with it to her mother, saying as she emptied them into a bowl which she brought from the cupboard :

"Now I will pick it full for Nellie, and she will be pleased when she comes home and finds them, wont she, mother?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lee. "The cherries are very good. We ought all to enjoy them and be thankful for them."

"I shall empty Nellie's out of the basket, and then pick my basket full, and come in here and eat them with you, mother. Wont that be nice?"

"Yes. I will wait until you come with yours, and then we will have a feast together."

This pleased Sady, and she ran away to the tree. She was longer getting the basket full this ti ne, than she had been before, though the cherries were very close together, and she could pick them as fast as she could reach her hands up to the bough.

But the cherries did not all go into the basket. Sady put them very often into her mouth, saying to herself, "No one will ever know that I ate them. They are so sweet and good I'm sure they will not hurt me. Nobody sees me to tell mother, and so she will never know that I dis obeyed her."

Poor little Sady. She had not yet learned that wicked secrets have a way of *telliug themselves.* She would have learned this from the Bible, if she had known how to have searched for it there. It doesn't say in the Bible, be sure the police, or the officers, or your neighbors. or your friends will find you out. But it does say, "*Be sure your sin will find you out.*" Sady didn't know this, and so she disobeyed her mother, and ate the cherries.

She went into the house afterward and ate her basketful, as innocently beside her mother as if she had taken no forbidden fruit. In a few hours she began to be sick. Before night she was very sick. The doctor was sent for, and the friends were filled with anxiety about her, for she was really very sick.

It was a long time before she recovered, and the lesson of the cherries was never forgotten.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

HAPPINESS is in the taste, not in the thing ; and we are made happy by possessing what we ourselves love, not what others think lovely.

The Bright Countryman.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in Boston walked a tall, muscular-looking, raw-boned man, evidently a fresh comer trom some back town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked :

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know; what can you do?"

"Do!" said the man, "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything. What do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man, it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow — one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee, like that yonder, and carry it across the store, and never lay it down."

"There now, capt'in," said our countryman, "that's just me. What will you give a man that can suit you?"

"I tell you," said the merchant, "If you will shoulder that sack of coffee, and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you for a year at one hundred dollars per month."

"Done," said the stranger ; and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and were waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who, walking to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, as it was not extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store, went quietly to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and hanging the sack upon it, turned to the merchant and said :

"There, now ; it may hang there till doomsday ; I sha'n't never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do, and one hundred dollars a month, and it's all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh, but it was out of the other side of their mouths ; and the merchant, discomfited, and yet satisfied, kept his agreement, and to-day the bright countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and worth half a million dollars. — *Bright Side.*

A LITTE girl having heard her father call her younger brother "a little shaver;" and desiring to use the expression, could come no nearer to it than "Oh, you little barber shop!"

For the Myrtle.

Water Lilies.

"Lilies?" they cry on the dusty street, —
For the flower of flowers is here!
Wilted and drooped with noontide heat,
But still the crown of the year,

Great globe-lilies, with flexile stem,
Hands and baskets full:
All the morn they have gathered them
By the lake-side green and cool.

Miles and miles they have brought them in,
The summer's rarest prize,
And all through the city's dust and din
They scatter the sweet surprise.

"Lilies?" the passer gives his dole,
And takes his flower with a smile,
Knots the stem in his button-hole
And bears it off to his toil.

Little he recks where the blossom grew;
But he looks in its golden eye,
And lakes full of lilies bloom anew
Beneath some far-off sky.

Waters flash in the morning light,
By green and wooded shores;
Wild-birds dip their wings in flight
Above the dipping oars.

Breezes of long-lost summers blow
And drift the idling boat,
As through liquid fields where the lilies grow
The children dreamily float.

The children — ah, there the secret lies
Of the lily's charm and grace;
The man looks back through his childhood's eyes,
When he looks in its pure, sweet face.

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Some Fairy Stories.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

A LITTLE boy five years of age, who every week hails with delight the visit of his beloved MYRTLE, and who, as soon as he gets home from the Sabbath School, not being able to read himself, though he is learning very fast, is anxious to have his mamma read it to him, sometimes says that he would like to have more in it that the little folks like himself can understand.

So, as he thinks that of all reading fairy tales are the most delightful, he has asked some of his friends to write some fairy stories for him. I am very well acquainted with this little boy. To tell the truth, I am one of the friends of whom he has made the request, and as I am always glad to make him happy, I have thought I would try to do as he has asked. I hope when he gets this number of his MYRTLE, and hears his mamma read what I have written, he will remember his friend, and think how much she loves him.

I have lived in the world many years longer than this little boy, and have made the acquaintance of a great many of the fairy folks. I think if I should try I could name as many as fifty of them now. I have found out, too, that they are usually mated, and that when little people are concerned, they usually try to see which can get possession of them. So I am going to tell you about two of these fairies now. Perhaps you will think they have funny names. They are Quarrel and Peace.

Quarrel's face is not nice at all. His lips pout. He looks cross and ugly. He never speaks kindly, and then he always contradicts; and whenever he comes near anybody, he doubles up his fists and lifts them to strike or to fight, and as if this were not enough, he stamps and kicks.

Peace is a very different looking fairy. Her face is sweet and kind. She never speaks except to say some pleasant word, and never uses her hands or feet except to do somebody good. She always keeps as near her brother as she can, and tries very hard not to let him get into people's hearts, and especially into the hearts of little boys and girls.

Quarrel gives Peace a great deal of trouble. I once saw a little brother and sister playing in their city home. They looked very happy, and I knew that fairy Peace was with them. They shared each other's toys and spoke pleasantly. They made as pretty a picture as one could wish to see. But while I was looking, Quarrel got into their hearts. Ah then, how they pulled the toys from each other! One said "*I will*," and the other said, "*You sha'n't.*" They even struck each other, and then they screamed so loudly that fairy Peace, hearing, rushed in, and with all her little strength tried to take Quarrel away. But before she could get him to leave, she had to tell the two little children to go to their mamma.

Now which of these fairies will you choose for your companion? You may some day feel in

your heart as if Quarrel was trying to get in there, but if you do, be sure to send him away at once, and let little Peace come in instead. She will bless you and make you always happy.

I hope my little boy, and all the little boys and girls, will like this story. If you do, I will some time tell you another, about two other fairies whose names are Industry and Idleness.

M. F. B.

Which was Wisest?

FIRST CHILD.

I AM seeking for the flowers
Which are hiding in the wood;
For the shining purple brambles,
So beautiful and good!
For it is so sweet and pleasant
To be roaming here all day,
With the turf beneath my footsteps,
And sunshine on my way.

SECOND CHILD.

I am climbing up the mountain,
And I could not id'y seek
For the pretty flowers and brambles,
Wherever they may creep.
I am climbing to the summit,
And I look with pity down
On your vain and useless labor
To win a daisy crown.

THIRD CHILD.

I am seeking for the blessing
Of the mighty Lord of Heaven,
I have heard that it is often
To little seekers given.
I must labor in the city,
And no woods nor hills are there;
But the treasure I am seeking
Is gathered everywhere.

For the Myrtle.

Obedience.

One afternoon Edith Marsh went to stay until three o'clock with her little friend Marian. Marian's aunt had sent her a paper doll with four beautifully colored dresses, and hats to match. Now every little girl knows that these dresses and hats are to be cut out and pasted together before dollie can be dressed. Little Edie understood the mystery of making paper doll's dresses and hats, and offered her services in dressing the pretty little Josie Fox. Mrs. H. gladly accepted Edie's offer for she could not take the time to dress the dollie for several days. Little four-year-old Mamie was delighted and brought the scissors, and was soon taking her first lesson in dress-making. Edith with her bottle of mucilage and brush stuck the parts together, and Marian carried them out to the piazza and laid them in the sun to dry.

"There she is," said Edie in triumph, as one suit was dried and tried on. "O dear," there is only half an hour left," said she, looking at the clock, and here is this beautiful blue and white suit to put together. But I will try and get it done."

She worked as fast as her nimble fingers could and at three o'clock the suit was all done but the hat, — and such a pretty hat, how could she leave it unfinished. It would not take her more than five minutes to make it. But brave little Edith laid it aside quickly and rose to go home when the clock struck three, saying, "Perhaps mother will let me come to-morrow, but I must go now." Her mother's kiss made her very happy when she told her about the hat.

C. G. H.

Saving the Fragments.

I remember a busy man who had very little time for reading or study, but whose mind was a perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject.

"How does it happen that you know so much more than the rest of us?" I asked him one day.

"Oh!" said he, "I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning, so I *save all the bits* that come in my way, and they count up a good deal in the course of a year."

The other day I heard a little boy explaining the meaning of several geographical terms to his brother.

"Where did you learn that?" I asked, in surprise.

"Oh! Miss Wells was teaching the large geography class, and I thought I'd remember, too," said he.

I knew a man who could tell every wild bird by its note, and tell you where it built its nest, and what color its eggs were; who knew every tree of the forest by its leaf and its wood; and could tell the name of almost every flower that blossomed from April to October, and just when its time of blooming came. His knowledge was all gained by making the most of fragments that came in his way.

Save up the fragments, boys and girls; don't let anything worth knowing escape your eyes and ears. These little floating seeds of thought, that go sailing past you like thistle-down, may prove as valuable as the great fields that are more carefully sown.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The Sunday School at North Adams held its anniversary on May 3d, and chose an efficient list of officers for the coming year. A Sunday School prayer-meeting is to be held every Sunday before the evening services of the church.

—The ninth anniversary of the organization of the Waltham Sunday School was observed with fitting ceremony Sunday afternoon, June 14. The hall in which the parish worships was decorated with a profusion of bouquets and floral devices; the school sang in the intervals of the other exercises a choice selection of stirring songs; seven children were baptized by the pastor, Rev. M. R. Leonard; and appropriate addresses were made to the large assemby of children and adults. by Revs. I. M. Atwood, Richard Eddy and Benton Smith. The Superintendent, Mr. Fisher, made the annual report, from which it appeared that the school numbers one hundred and sixty-eight, with twenty-one officer and teachers, a Bible class of thirty-eight, and an average attendance of sixty-eight per cent. The day was perfect, the exercises were deeply interesting from first to last, and the occasion every way delightful.

—The anniversary of the Norwood Sunday School was observed on the evening of May 24th. The audience completely filled the church. The singing and recitations by the children were pleasant and very creditable. The school was addressed by Miss Joy and Mrs. Thyng of Boston Highlands, and also by Mr. Charles W. Potter of Boston. Rev. Dr. Fisher was present and opened the meeting with prayer. The pulpit and platform were tastefuliy decorated with choice and beautiful flowers. The meeting and anniversary occasion will long be remembered as one of the most successful ever held by the school. Mr. Charles E. Pond is the Superintendent, to whose labors and good management, the efficiency and success of the school are largely indebted. Whole number connected with the school, one hundred and forty-seven. The One Lesson System has been adhered to by the school with the exception of the younger classes.

—A strawberry festival was given by the Shawmut Christian Union, a club in connection with the Sunday School of that church, on the evening of June 11th. The first part of the evening was devoted to a literary and musical entertainment, with songs, readings, and an original poem by Miss L. M. Favor. After the strawberries, etc., addresses were made by Revs. Briggs and Demarest, Messrs Joy and Caverly. It was a very enjoyable occasion.

MAINE.

—Here is almost the first report of Children's Sunday, of which we expect to have a paper full next week. This is from Mrs. F. N. Roberts, pastor of the church at Kittery: "Children's Sunday was observed here last Sabbath, (the 14th). The church was beautifully decorated with bouquets and masses of tastefully grouped flowers, with trailing vines and growing plants. But the loveliest flowers were the children, who were present in large numbers; some twenty of whom sang with sweet well-trained voices the second opening, and the closing hymn. It was one of those 'rare days in June,' that Lowell tells us 'are perfect, if days ever are.' The sermon was specially for the children, and evidently appreciated, by the expression of their wide awake faces. Our Sunday School has increased in numbers, and is well prospering."

NEW YORK.

—By some mishap, the following pleasant letter from New Salem appears several weeks later than it should, but our readers will be glad of its cheering words: "Trusting you would be pleased to hear from those in this place who have been constant readers of your MYRTLE for years, I am going to tell you how we are prospering as a Sabbath School. Although surrounded by opposition, having no sister school in our county, we have fought bravely and can say without boasting that we have the *ability* in our school to succeed in anything we may undertake. Alone as it were, without a pastor at present, we have labored hard to keep up our school, and at times *do* get discouraged, but soon rally and always get rewarded for all our labor. Our first Easter concert proved a great success, being prepared expressly for the occasion. Although the weather was bad we had a full house and generous hearts, as our people always have. Thanks to the good MYRTLE for reaching us in time to use its Easter dialogues, also to the *Helper* for its Easter Offering. Since Christmas eve we have added to our treasury nearly forty dollars. That we may go on with our good work is our earnest prayer. *Mrs. H. L. Andrew.*"

RHODE ISLAND.

—A strawberry festival was held by the Sunday School in Valley Falls, on Friday and Saturday evenings, June 5th and 6th, and resulted in a profit of over one hundred dollars. The school own property to the value of nearly $2,800 with money in their treasury, sufficient to pay all debts. The many manifestations of kindness and liberality by the members of other Christian organizations, has been a constant source of gratitude to the school and society.

CONNECTICUT.

—They have good fashions at Danbury. One we noticed lately was a Union Sunday School meeting in which all the churches in the town united. Now it is a Union Sunday School Teachers' meeting, in whibh *all* the Sunday School Teachers of the town unite, to study the International lesson. Of course each school has its own *Helper* or whatever it may be called, and so help comes from all sides. A gentleman of our own church writes that he is "proud of our minister (Rev. Mr. Hodge) such deference is paid to his knowledge on Biblical subjects."

OHIO.

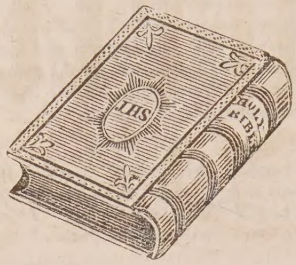
—The annual excursion of the Plum St. Sunday School, Cincinnati, took place on Saturday, May 30, the gathering-place being the beautiful grounds of Mr. Kilgour, near the new Observatory, the same as last year.

ILLINOIS.

—The members of the parish and Sunday School at Joliet made an excursion down the canal quite recently, and had a very pleasant time. Nearly two hundred were present, the day was delightful, and the social and picnic part of the occasion was all that could be desired.

CALIFORNIA.

During the recent labors of Dr. Miner in San Francisco, a new Sunday School was formed in connection with the new parish. The first Sunday. May 3d, saw fifty members in attendance. The same day was observed as Children's Sunday, and twenty-seven children were christened. The Sunday School increases in numbers with each session.



The Old Testament and the New.

Many have said of the series of lessons now being studied by our Sunday Schools, — is it not not a mistake to devote so much time to the study of the Old Testament as compared with the New? As Christians, should we not study wholly the gospel of Christ?

It is true that the teachings of Christ are far more important to the Christian, than any other part of the Bible. It is true also that the time spent in teaching in our schools, is brief, and that the attempt to study the whole Bible thoroughly there is a great attempt. Still we believe it to be a good thing not to confine the study of the schools to the gospels or even to the New Testament.

In the first place, the same lessons of wisdom can be found everywhere in its pages. Those who have been studying the history of Moses and of God's dealings with his chosen people, have found it full of great lessons for Christian living. God is the same, and right is the same in all ages of the world, and it is good to see this in the broad range of history. The qualities that made Abraham, and Moses, and Samuel, and Isaiah as great as they were are the same that shine so brightly in the life of Jesus. We should not forget that they were the prophets of the Lord, and for this reason they were, the same as Christ, though in a more obscure way, the mediators between God and men.

In the second place it is well to have variety in our lessons. The same truth is all the better learned if learned in many different ways. Even the Sermon on the Mount loses something of its freshness and force, if scholars are put back again and again to the fifth chapter of Matthew. A perpetual study of the gospels isolated from other parts of the Bible would not only make the gospel itself seem poorer, but would easily become wearisome from sameness. We want to see the life of Christ not by itself, but in its relation to the entire past, and to the whole history of the world. The most familiar acquaintance with the text of the gospels is not worth much if "seeing we see and do not perceive, and hearing ye hear and do not understand."

And thirdly the study of the *whole* Bible is needed to the proper understanding of the gospel. The Old Testament is a perpetual commentary on the New. How many of Christ's sayings we fail utterly to understand, unless we know the history and customs of the Jewish people! And how many more are doubled in significance when we know their peculiar meaning to the people to whom they were addressed. Every page of the New Testament is thus linked to the Old. When Christ says in the Sermon on the Mount. "Ye have heard that it hath been said of old," if we have studied the laws of Moses we know what it means and can tell when it was said. When he says, "I come not to destroy the law but to fulfil," we know what the law is that he comes to reënforce. So when he talks of the bread of heaven and the water that springeth up into everlasting life, we too remember those ancestors of the Jews who had been saved by the bread from heaven and the living waters in the wilderness of their wanderings. And when he says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," we see as in a glorious picture, how in Christ is to be found the great faith-cure of the world.

The New Testament without the Old is like a Chinese picture — all things flat and level in the foreground, with no background and distance. The gospel, like a jewel, shines best in its appropriate setting. It needs all its surrounding history to set it in highest relief.

For the past six months we have been reviewing those great events connected with the release of the descendants of Abraham from slavery, and their settlement in the land of Canaan. Turning to the New Testament, we come again to the history of that land now called Palestine, after fifteen hundred years. Countless generations have come and gone; the whole nation has been repeatedly carried away into slavery, but has again returned: and still the Israelites dwell in the "land of promise" which was to be their possession and the possession of their children forever. On these same hills upon which Moses looked from Pisgah's top Christ was born. And when we come to his history, as recorded in the gospel of Mark, we find it amid the same scenes to whose borders we have come, with Moses and his wandering tribes, so many centuries before.

Enigma.

I am composed of six letters.
Beyond my first by God's command,
My whole set out to view the land
My second is sweeter to the Lord,
And better far than all my third;
Upon my fourth, a mountain high,
My sixth the priestly robes laid by;
My fifth God's sore displeasure brought,
And stumbling Israel's ruin wrought.
I was a man of war.

Bible Questions

What beasts might the children of Israel eat? What beasts should they not eat?

Why should the Israelites not be affrighted at the nations they were to destroy?

Who should have no part nor inheritance with Israel? Who should be their inheritance?

Answer.

JUNE 20. Canaan; Anak; Leader; Egypt; Belief; Caleb.

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